11630. b. 7
10

ESCAPES

OF A

POETICAL GENIUS.

O ego lævus
Qui purgo bilem ſub verni temporis horam!
Non Alius faceret Meliora Poemata.

HORAT.

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(Price One Shilling.)

ESCAPES

OF A

POETICAL GENIUS.

BRITISH MUSEUM

ADVERTISEMENT.

SINCE, in an Age wherein Poetry is generally diſcountenanced, an Excuſe may be expected for a Metrical Publication, the Reader of the ſubſequent Productions is informed, that they are the Eſcapes *of a* Poetical Genius, *which, however ſuppreſſed, has at Times ſhot out into ſuch Luxuriances. And as there are ſtill among us a few who ſometimes viſit the Haunts of the Muſes, the Poſſibility that Such might, in the Peruſal, find ſome Part of the Satisfaction the Author had in the Compoſition, has induced him to throw into their Treaſury a Mite, whence he is not Ignorant enough to expect Profit, nor Romantic enough to deſire Fame.*

ADVERTISEMENT.

ESCAPES

OF A

POETICAL GENIUS.

SONG.

I.

IN vain to Sylvan Scenes I fly,
The Tyrant Love to Quell,
Each Object here inflames my Heart
And prompts it to Rebell.

Escapes of a Poetical Genius.] The Title of a Poet (ſlender enough in itſelf, as it means no more than a Perſon of a lively Imagination and moderate Improvements, who poſſeſſes the Talent of including his Thoughts in Metre) is what the preſent Age will allow none of its Cotemporaries; tho' it has produced ſeveral that have equal'd thoſe of Antiquity, who probably will have Juſtice done them by Poſterity. The Name of a Critic is become odious; yet a Critic is one who judges of Literary Productions according to the Rules of Art, and a Reader to be coveted by all good Writers.

II.

The ſtately Bull with Eaſtern Pride
Now my griev'd Eye offends;
Of buxom Shes a rich Serail
His am'rous Beck attends.

III.

Now the fond Dove my Ear aſſails
With rapt'rous, envy'd, Moan;
More Delicate, but not more Chaſte,
He finds his *All in One.*

IV.

In careleſs, innocent, Parade
Throughout the Fields and Groves
The Vegetative Tribe indulge
Their *aromatic Loves.*

V.

Nor the myſterious Finny Race
Its Gallantry conceals;
Plainly their Infinite Increaſe
A Boundleſs Paſſion tells.

VI.

Shall I alone then Diſobey
Wiſe Nature's great Command?
The Joys which all Things elſe purſue
Shall I alone withſtand?

VII.

No; like the mighty Bull, to All
My Vigor I'll impart:
Of each kind Female, like the Dove,
Poſſeſs the Mutual Heart:

VIII.

Tho' Public, as the Flower, appear
My glorious Gen'ral Flame;
Yet, as the Fiſh, I have no Voice
To blaſt Entruſted Fame.

ANOTHER.

I.

LAIS, with ev'ry Vice Deform'd,
Poſſeſſes ev'ry Grace,
Her Faults I Hate; yet can't but Love
The Virtues of her Face.

II.

And why ſhou'd I forſake her Arms?
My Paſſion wherefore Blame?
There's nought Peculiar in the Caſe,
Nature and She's the ſame.

III.

So Heat and Cold within the Year
Succeſſive Power diſplay:
So chearful Morn and ſullen Eve
Compoſe the Grateful Day.

IV.

So all-deteſted, hideous, Pain,
And Pleaſure's lovely Mein,
With Various Influence gild and ſhade
Life's ever-checquer'd Scene.

V.

Thus *Damon* ſtrove himſelf to ſhield
By Sophiſtry's weak Arms,
Unhappy Renegade to Fame,
And Slave to Female Charms.

ANOTHER.

ANOTHER.

I.

SAY whence, my Soul, this Gloomy Fit?
At bounteous Nature's Feaſt,
Why Melancholy doſt thou ſit,
Nor Share the rich Repaſt?

II.

Do you at Youth, and Health, and Eaſe,
And Affluence, repine?
No more can friendly Converſe pleaſe
And Mirth-beſtowing Wine?

III.

What's Converſe, Fortune, Health, or Eaſe,
Unbleſt by *Abſent Love*,
Who bids each Joy forget to pleaſe
And Deteſtation move?

Return,

IV.

Return, O Love, and in my Breaſt
Reſume thy Wonted Power;
All then will Ceaſe to give Diſtaſte,
All Charm as heretofore.

ANOTHER.

I.

WHILE all the Men for *Leſbia* pine
Throughout the crouded Town,
From all the Men fair *Leſbia* flies,
And doats on *Puſs* alone.

II.

O'er her lov'd Face *Dametas* hung,
There motionleſs he gaz'd,
With ev'ry Beauty charm'd his Eyes,
And ev'ry Beauty prais'd.

III.

She diſregards th' adoring Youth;
Her Cat ingroſs'd her Thought:
And Tabſy's Ceſian Eyes extols,
And Tabſy's motly Coat.

IV.

Around the ſtupid, thankleſs, Brute
Her Snow-white Arms ſhe flings;
Graſps to her glowing Breaſt, and waſtes
Kiſſes might ranſom Kings.

V.

To Heav'n *Dametas* rais'd his Look,
With fond indignant Air,
And thus to Love's almighty Queen
Adreſs'd his am'rous Prayer.

VI.

O thou who Puſs did'ſt once exalt
To Woman's beauteous Form,
Goddeſs, thy Miracle reverſe,
Me to a Cat transform.

VII.

Humanity, my boaſted Lot,
I'll gladly lay aſide;
So *Leſbia* feaſt each raviſh'd Senſe
With Bliſs to Man deny'd.

ANOTHER.

I.

LET others in exalted Verſe
The glorious Acts of *Mars* rehearſe;

Thy Miracle reverſe.] *Venus* is ſaid to have changed a Cat into a Woman, at the Intreaty of a young Man.

The cool Batallions ſteady Force,
Th' impetuous Squadrons weighty Courſe:
Well-pleas'd I quit War's dire Alarms
For *Julia*'s Love and *Julia*'s Charms.

II.

Her ſilken Hair I ſing, her Eyes
Whence ambuſh'd *Cupid*'s Arrow flys,
Her ample Cheſt, her iv'ry Breaſt,
Her poliſh'd Skin, her ſlender Waiſt,
And each myſterious Beauty too
With Care conceal'd from vulgar View.

III.

O haſte, my *Julia*, haſte away,
With dimpled Smile demurely gay,
Beſtow thoſe Joys for which I live,
Thoſe Joys which only you can give;

Snatch me expiring to your Arms,
And *Overwhelm with Love and Charms.*

EPIGRAM.

IN vain with Anglo-gallic Phraſe
The Vulgar, *Thais*, you amaze;
In vain on ſtubborn *Britiſh* Back
Suſpend the Unavailing Sack;
In vain you Rouge the Cheek and Chin,
Ape a Maniere, Burleſque a Mien;
The Connoiſſeur ſtill plainly ſees
You've Nothing *French* but the *Diſeaſe.*

ANOTHER.

DEign, *Chloe*, this ambitious Zone to wear,
And kindly reſcue from its lowly Sphere;
Now a mere Mortal *Girdle* its confeſt,
'Twill be a *Ceſtus*[a] on your heav'nly Waiſt.

[a] The *Ceſtus* was the Girdle of *Venus.*

ANOTHER.

YOU aſk why ſhoots my agoniſing Brain,
Why my void Stomach will not Food retain,
Why the contracted Muſcles make me Lame,
And why Convulſions ſhudder thro' my Frame?
Look out, my Friend, if you the View can bear;
See louring round the Snow-encumbred Air,
See Motion from the reſtleſs Water fled,
And Nature in her Winding-ſheet lye Dead!
Then you behold whence ſpring my Various Woes;
I all Diſtempers have in One, *I'm Froze.*

The

The ADIEU.

Nunc Ager Umbreni ſub nomine, nuper Oſelli,
Dictus, erit Nulli Proprius; ſed cedet in Uſum
Nunc mihi, nunc alii. Quocirca vivite Fortes.

HORAT. *Sat.* 2. *lib.* 2.

NOT Serious quite, nor quite in Joke,
Thus honeſt *George* his Wench beſpoke:
By Cuſtom then and Form miſled
Unhappy Girl, you mean to Wed;
Mean to renounce the Joys of Life,
And ſink the Miſtreſs in a Wife.
And can you quit the Town content
For ſolitary Banks of *Trent*;
Leave *Ranelagh* for Hill or Vale,
And Operas for the Nightingale;

Nay

Nay give up joyous Maſquerades
To ruminate in ſullen Shades?
Can you, who taſte ſo well Love's Sport,
Ever Prepared and Eager for't,
Prefer, in Appetite's Deſpiſe,
Poor Once-a-Week to [b] Twice-a-Night;
Or the dull Huſband's faint Alarms
To the Beloved Lover's Charms?
Hear then what I Prophetic tell,
Who know your Sex, and know you well,
Mate when you will, your fond Intent
Baulk'd ſhall become your Puniſhment.
For you're too Handſome and too Leud
Ever, I fear, to come to Good;
Have too much Senſe, have been too Common,
I'm ſure, to make an honeſt Woman.

The

[b] *Numerus Finitus pro Infinito.*

The NEW DISTEMPER.

I.

HOLD learn'd Phyſician; ſtay the Quill,
And take your Fee; but ſpare to Kill:
You've quite miſtook my Caſe.
Nor Fever have, nor Cholic, I;
Nor Jaundice, which you think you ſpy
Plain in my Saffron Face.

II.

I with a Malady am ſmote
Of which *Hippocrates* ne'er wrote,
What *Sydenham* ſaid is loſt;
Mead han't it in the Bible found;
With Symtoms dire it does abound,
And may be called *the Froſt*.

III. That's

III.

That's my Diſeaſe; a Froſt I have:
In Truth, good Doctor, I am Grave;
From Jeſts your Look muſt awe me.
Therefore your *Phebus* ſupplicate,
To ſend, 'e're yet it be too late,
Promethean Fire *to Thaw me.*

ODE.

Wrote in 1745.

Ad arma Ceſſantes ad arma
Concitat. ——— HORAT. *Ode* 35. *lib.* 1.

I.

BRITONS, your wonted Joys awhile ſuſpend:
Let the neglected Arts complain,
And ſmooth-tongued Science plead in vain:
To Arms awhile, to Arms alone attend.

'Tis

II.

'Tis impious *Now* to melt to *Handel*'s Lyre,
Or ſuffer *Quin* to extort Applauſe,
Impious in ought but Freedom's Cauſe
To waſte the bounteous Muſes hallow'd Fire.

III.

Now that Rebellion, *Boy-ſeduced*, dares rear
On *Scotia*'s Hills her frantic Head,
Threatning o'er Happier Climes to ſpread,
And taint with *Highland Lepers* Southern Air.

IV.

Rebellion, Monſter hatch'd by Matrons Sighs,
And fed with ſacred Kindred Blood,
Deteſted by the Wiſe and Good,
Now more deteſted for its fell Allies.

V.

Tyranny, ever watchful when to bind
On free-born Necks his iron Yoke:
Prieſt-craft, with Heav'n directed Look,
Contriving ſtonger Fetters for the Mind.

VI.

Theſe Fiends to vanquiſh, *Britons*, Reunite:
To *George*'s great Protection fly,
(Mercy with Juſtice muſt comply)
And under his All-dreaded Banner fight.

VII.

As active Sportſmen, with ſonorous Mirth,
Drive o'er the wide-extended Plain
The ſubtle Fox; who, ſwift in vain,
Seeks Shelter trembling in domeſtic Earth.

VIII.

So ſhall the loyal Squadrons from afar
Fright back to Native Ambuſcade,
With *uſeleſs Targe* and *cumbrous Blade*,
The Rebel Rout, *the Harlequins of War*.

IX.

If any Braver Part the Shock awaits
Of Troops by warlike *George* Array'd,
Their putrid Limbs our Fields ſhall feed,
Or their *Sun-variſh'd Heads adorn our Gates.*

ANOTHER.

I.

HENCE, too-ſharp-ſighted Reaſon, hence remove;
Take with you Honour, ſtubborn Fair;
And Prudence with upbraiding Air:
Vaniſh, Chimeras; and make Room for Love!

II.

Julia, Forgive, and Oh! avert thy Hate!
Forgive the Wretch who durſt Diſpute
Thy Right to Govern abſolute;
Which, like to Heaven's, will not admit Debate!

III.

Forgive! and by thy ſplendid Eyes I ſwear,
To Thee and *Venus* potent Son
(For ſurely Love and You are one)
The votive Temple gratefully I'll rear.

ANOTHER.

IV.

Thy Prieſt and Vot'ry there I'll e'er remain;
Sweet-toying Mirth ſhall on us wait,
The ſofter Friendſhip cloſe the Gate,
And ſoul-felt Rapture fix th' eternal Chain.

ANOTHER.

ANOTHER.

To the SUN.

I.

FOUNTAIN of Heat and Life (for one they be)
O Sun, thou God of my Idolatry,
What Adverſary blunts thy Rays,
And pales thy Noon-tide Blaze?
What makes the bounďleſs White
Of Snow fatigue th' impatient Sight?
Why do the fetter'd *Naiads* ſtrive in vain
To burſt their icy Chain?
Why is the froſt-encruſted Earth become
Of Animality the Tomb?
O golden

Fountain.] The following Odes may be called *Engliſh Pindarics*; that is, Lyric Pieces in which ſublime Sentiments and Diction, and the Whole Compaſs of *Engliſh* Verſification are employed. The *Engliſh* Quantity is regulated by the Accent; the accented Syllables being always long, and moſt others common. The Accent ſhould be placed as high in Words as may be.

Naiads.] The *Naiades* properly were Nymphs who preſided over Fountains.

O golden Day-ſtar riſe with wonted Pow'r,
To Obſtacles Superior riſe,
Thy Energy divine let's doubt no more,
But flame again thro' tepid Skys!
Unpetrify the Ground, the Streams unbind,
Health reſtore to every Kind,
Give my briſk Blood in copious Tides to roll,
And *Thaw the Icicle my Soul!*

II.

Thrice happy had I been if near to Thee
Station'd in thy *Mercury*,
Sated with Warmth yet never Cloy'd,
Thy beatific Sight I always had enjoy'd:
Or Oh (if it approach not blaſphemy
To wiſh myſelf Part of my Deity)
Me,

Thy Mercury.] *Mercury* is the neareſt Planet to the Sun.

Me, potent *Mithra*, from this Orb retrieve;
And gracious grant in thine to live!
There make each Expanded Senſe
With Superhuman Joys diſpenſe.
There my Earth-born Genius fit
To converſe with Solar Wit.
There I'll ſuſtain with ſtrengthen'd Sight
The Torrent of eternal Light.
Thy wondrous Wonders there explore,
Half a God, a Man no more!

Mithra.] A Name for the Sun among the *Perſians*.

ANOTHER.

ANOTHER.

To the LYRIC MUSE.

——————Amplectitur Ipſam,
Præmia ſi tollas. ——————JUV.

I.

WHAT means within my Breaſt this reſtleſs Flame?
My teeming Brain what Fancies crowd?
O hark! What Voice ſo ſweetly loud
Pours on my trembling Ear the Blaſt of Fame?
And lo the mortal Vapors fly,
And to my Heav'n-befriended Eye
A Deity appears!
A *Grecian* Form and *Grecian* Robe ſhe wears:
One Hand the Soul-beſtowing Shell ſuſpends;
And one th' immortal Tromp protends,

With

Mortal Vapors.]——*Omnem quæ nunc obducta tuenti*
Mortales hebetat viſus tibi et humida circum
Caligat nubem eripiam. ——————Æneid. lib. 2.

With winning Action and benignant Mien
She beckons me away
To Fields where Ivy twines its Ever-green
And fragrant Laurels play,
With Fonts irriguous and with Flow'rets gay.

II.

Well thy Grace divine I know,
Tuneful Parent of the Lyre,
Who did'ſt on favour'd *Thebes* beſtow
The Patriot whoſe Poetic Fire
On ever-during Odes th' Olympic Victors graved;
And his devoted Native-land from Deſolation ſaved:
Who to *Mecenas'* and *Auguſtus'* Friend
Thy well-timed Influence didſt extend,

The Patriot.] When the *Lacedemonians* ravaged *Beotia*, they ſpared *Thebes* out of Reſpect to *Pindar*, whoſe Birth-place it was.

And from Poverty and Shame
Vindicate One Poet's Fame,
And Conſecrate his envy'd Name.

III.

Ceaſe, ah ſweet Deluſion, ceaſe
In *Day-dreams* thus to hover round my Head:
The *Vulcanian* Net that's ſpread
Wary Experience ſees.
Changed are the Times, alas, nor now
Or Wealth or barren Praiſe canſt Thou beſtow.

The

Poverty and Shame.] Of *Horace*'s Military Infamy we need no ſtronger Proof than his *Relicta non bene Parmula.* Ode 7. lib. 2. And as to his Poverty, he ſays

——*Simul primum me dimiſere Philippi,*
Deciſis humilem pennis, Inopemque paterni
Et laris & fundi; Paupertas impulit audax
Ut Verſus facerem.——— Epiſt. 2. lib. 2.

Vulcanian.] Alluding to the ſubtle Net in which *Vulcan* caught *Venus* and *Mars.*

The *Lucre-deafen'd* Ear what Sounds avail?
On Hearts *Corruption-ſear'd* can moral Song prevail?
Our *Anti-Pollios*, lineally dull,
Ne'er meditate the juſt Reward;
But with Oppreſſion, Hatred, Ridicule,
Perſue the godlike Bard.
Th' indignant Bard, unable to withſtand,
Flies, ſcatt'ring Infamy with *Parthian* Hand.

IV.

By Cuſtom not to be enſlav'd,
Nor by the Mighty brav'd,

With Hatred perſue the godlike Bard.] *Ecce Senex canus Exercitati Vultus, & qui videretur neſcio quid magnum promittere, ſed Cultu non proinde ſpecioſus, ut facile appareret eum hac nota literatum eſſe, quos odiſſe Divites ſolent.* PETRONIUS.—The Epithet *Godlike* is à l'Antique.

Parthian.] *Fidentemque Fuga Parthum verſiſque Sagittis.* VIRG. GEORG.

Yet will not I thy gracious Intercourſe decline,
O firſt, O lovelieſt, of the Virgin Nine!
But oft thy fairy Footſteps trace;
And oft enjoy thy beatific Face.
Sometimes of thy ſpeaking Lyre
With thirſty Ears imbibe the golden Sound:
And ſometimes, rapt in whirlwind Fire,
Quit, with thy Lay, the ſpirit-damping Ground;
And to the liſt'ning Few thy Praiſe reſound,
For Thou ſublimeſt ev'ry Joy,
And ſweetneſt ev'ry Toil;
Thou canſt corroſive Care deſtroy,
And make Diſtemper ſmile:
And, when of all external Aid debar'd,
Like *Virtue* (Goddeſs) *art thy own Reward.*

ANOTHER.

O firſt, O lovelieſt.] The Lyric is the moſt Ancient, and moſt Perfect Species of Poetry.

Spirit-damping Ground.] *Udam ſpernit Humum fugiente penna.* HORAT. Ode 2. lib 3.

ANOTHER.

Ille Deum vitam accipiet, Diviſque videbit
Permixtos Heroas; & Ipſe videbitur illis. VIRG. Ecl. 4.

I.

SUCH Anguiſh as diſtends the Heart
Of ſome unfabled *Niobe*,
When to the Grave the Peſtilential Dart
Has hurl'd her num'rous, blooming, Progeny;
Or ſuch as with Gorgonian Pow'r,
Inanimates a *Thiſbe*'s Face,
Who, at the love-appointed Hour,
On the love-appointed Place,
Finds by Deſpair her Paſſion's Idol dead,
And with his faithful Breath all Joy and Comfort fled:
Such

Niobe.] *Niobe*, Wife to *Amphion* King of *Thebes*, had ſix Sons, and as many Daughters; all which *Apollo* and *Diana* ſlew, becauſe ſhe preſumed to vie with *Latona* their Mother.

Thiſbe's.] The Story of *Thiſbe*, who found her Lover *Pyramus* dead on the Place of Aſſignation, is well known.

Such——Ah more total Grief, beyond Compare,
Curio, my Reaſon's Love and Choice's Heir,
Unman'd thy Friend when, what he ne'er could fear,
Thy Self-anticipated Death ſurpriſed his wounded Ear.

II.

What if thy Stay Life's ſlender Joys
Solicited in vain;
If vain too clam'rous Inſtinct's Voice
Thy Valor to reſtrain;
Yet ſay, my *Curio*, ſay how yet
His Country's Laws the Patriot could forget?
Or the Supreme Diſpoſer's Will
The Moraliſt could Know, and not Fulfill?
O Virtue of a Savage Kind!
O Courage for far other Uſe deſign'd!
O with diſcordant Error Senſe and Learning join'd!

III. Thus

III.

Thus did I *Curio*'s Fate repine;
'Till o'er my ſorrow-weary'd Head
Sleep its Lethean Opiates ſpread;
Impotent Lenitives to Woe like mine!
For lo my late-loſt Friend and long revered
To my Mind's Eye appear'd!
A glorious Phantom! From each Part
The beamy Splendors dart:
But Eminent above the Reſt,
In unſupported Lightning dreſt,
Flaſh'd the bold Wound upon his manly Breaſt.
Not more conſpicuous on a Sable Coat,
(Since Great to Small we may compare)
Of Worth approved the fulgent Note,
Appears illuſtrious *Knight-hood's Blazing-ſtar.*

Love

Love and Compaſſion kindled in his Look,
While from his ſapient Lips the Vocal Muſic broke.

IV.

Much-loved, much-erring Mortal, thus he cries,
No more my Mem'ry blame;
No more the godlike Act blaſpheme
That wings th' impriſon'd Soul for Kindred Skies.
No Public's Chain extends beyond the Grave,
Irrationally binding to the Wiſe and Brave;
And ſoon or late inevitable Death
By Nature's Order claims our Breath.
As in the Womb, his World, where many a Day
In *liquid Bliſs the Vegetable Infant* lay,
Grown Ripe for Birth he finds Delight no more,
But unknown Pangs his Frame explore;
'Till, *Inſtinct-ſtung*, he burſts away
To the Sun's gladſome Ray.

So

So the Diſtaſte of Life, the Slight of Death and Pain,
The Longing for immortal Joy,
Not on the gen'rous Soul in vain
Their Inſtinctive Force employ:
It owns the Summons; ſpurns its vile Abode;
Greatly irregular aſſumes a Comet Road;
Heaven's welcome Volunteer, among the Gods a God.
He ſaid; and vaniſh'd from my View:
I Woke, and wiſh'd the pleaſing Viſion true.

F LIFE,

LIFE,

A Rhapſody.

Optima quæque dies miſeris Mortalibus ævi
Prima fugit: Subeunt morbi, triſtiſque Senectus;
Et Labor, & duræ rapit inclementia Mortis. VIRG. Georg. 3.

MAN'S ſhadowy, fleeting, Pleaſures to rehearſe,
And ill-compenſated, ſubſtanſtial, Woes,
Virgins of tuneful *Helicon*, impart
To ſage Philoſophy your Kindred Aid.
Ill-fare *Iapetus*'s plaſtic Son,
Whoſe luckleſs Hand entaild on Humankind

Man's.] The *Engliſh* Heroic Verſe is nearly the ſame as the *Latin* Iambic. The proper Harmony of Metre reſults from the fit Quantity of the Syllables; and is independent of Rhime, which lays ſo great a Conſtraint on Modern Poets, that none have expreſs'd themſelves ſo well with it, as they could have done without it.

Iapetus's *Son*.] *Prometheus*, the Son of *Iapetus*, firſt made Man, of Earth; and animated him with heavenly Fire, ſtolen from the Sun: Which *Jupiter* reſenting, ſent *Pandora* to his Brother *Epimetheus*, with a Box whence Diſeaſes took their flight, to plague the new Creation; and ordered *Prometheus* to be chain'd to *Mount Caucaſus*, where a Vulture (or Eagle) was appointed to prey on his Liver, which grew again as faſt as it was devoured.

(By Permit dire of unpropitious *Jove*)
Evil, unknown before, now Plenteous known:
Faſt grow th' immortal Liver, and fatigue
The vengeful Beak of the *Caucáſean* Bird!
Or ſhall advent'rous Man Nature arraign,
Omniſcient Nature who did not foreſee,
Omnipotent not check, the Birth of Ill?
Or her Materials modeſter deplore,
Materials thrice Perverſe that could compel
Goodneſs itſelf the gen'ral Weal to found,
Ill-founded ſure, in individual Woe?
From calm Non-entity's impaſſive State
To unſolicited Exiſtence waked,
Fate-miſerable Man erects his Form,

Ill-founded.] The celebrated Diſcovery, that Partial Ill is General Good, affords but ſmall Conſolation to the moſt Benevolent Individuals when under grievous Calamities.

And moves, and thinks. On each delighted Senſe
Novelty pours profuſe its various Joys.
To him the fragrant Morning's roſy Hand
With Dews melliſluous Flow'r and Fruit impearls:
And the mild *Night-ſun* lines with Silver Light
The ſable Robe of Darkneſs. He the Glow
Of all-enlivening *Sol* well-pleas'd inhales:
Well-pleas'd he ſinks in Sleep; and wakes to Bliſs.
For him the Vine its purple Nectar ſheds;
And his charm'd Palate with Ambroſial Cates
His Appetite ſupplies; mean while his Ear
The Artiſt Hand and Artiſt Voice pervade
With dulcet Muſic's Paſſion-moving Strains.
Now ſocial Cities fill his beating Heart
With glad Surpriſe, as Luxury or Pow'r
Their diff'ring Charms preſent; and Converſe ſweet
Knowledge reciprocal receives and gives.

Now

Now Solitude its Claim of Preference makes,
And Rural Sights, and Sounds, and Sports invite.
Him too the Raptures of requited Love
(Enormous Ecſtacy!) to Madneſs fire,
Oft as with vig'rous, unrelenting, Graſp
He ſtrains the tender, nought-complaining, She.
And if to Intellectual Happineſs
He riſe refined, then will the Mental Senſe
Chiefly tranſport him, and unfold its Hoard
Of ever-ſpringing, never-fading, Sweets;
Nature's ſtill Voice will whiſper Sacred Truths,
And Learning its exhauſtleſs Page diſplay.
But Oh the Change that quickly muſt enſue!
And Oh the Tragic Shifting of the Scene!
Soon ſhall Satiety with Harpy Touch
Pollute the Feaſt of Nature, nor yet long
The foul-contaminated Relics leave.

Nor

Nor Riſing Sun nor Falling then, tho' deck'd
With happieſt Circumſtance, ſhall ſtrike the Eyes
That cloſe in Sleep diſpleas'd, and wake to Care.
Muſic ſhall grate th' unſymphathiſing Ear:
Nor ravaged Earth produce what can delight
The vitiated Taſte of alter'd Man.
Solitude more obſcures his gloomy Mind:
Society Impertinence and Noiſe
Not Converſation rational affords:
Th' impulſive Ardor of the Sex in vain
To Beauty points in Woman's nicer Form:
Dear-bought Experience has convinced him now,

The

Woman's nicer Form.] The Males of all Animals have more natural Beauty than the Females. The only Ornament (perhaps) Nature, ſo laviſh on Birds, has beſtowed on the Humankind is Hair; of which, Men have a larger Share than Women. Woman's Beauty ſeems merely relative to Man, and conſiſts in Delicacy of Limb and Feature.

The fair-faced Sphinx ends in a beſtial Train.
The intellectual Pow'r too, ſour'd by Foil
Repeated, and by diſappointed Hope,
Science pronouces vain, pedantic, falſe,
Knowledge of Words; nor more eſſays to bind
Too-Proteus Nature, who the Search evades
Of ev'ry Senſe with ev'ry Art combined.
Thus Life *Deteriorates*; from Good to Bad,
From Bad to Worſe: While with ſwift, ſilent, Step
Advances Age, the Harbinger abhor'd
Of all-ſubduing Pain. Man's Paſſive Ill
Surcharg'd with Active, lo he ſtands confeſt
The verieſt Wretch on th' obtuſe Spheroid.

By

Sphinx.] The *Sphinx* is an *Egyptian* Hieroglyphic for the two Months when the Sun is in the Signs of *Leo* and *Virgo*; and accordingly is a Compoſite of a Virgin's Head and a Lion's Body.

Proteus.] *Proteus*, a Sea-god, uſed to evade Perſuit by changing himſelf into various Shapes. So Nature evades our Reſearches by various Transformations, and finally eſcapes our Senſes, however aſſiſted by Art.

By Cholicks pang'd, lamed by joint-racking Gouts,
Agoniſed by the cruel Stone (there taught
To form where lenient Art can never reach)
By Dropſies deluged o'er with wat'ry Torture,
By putrid Fevers ſcorch'd with liquid Flames,
By brain-dilacerating Head-achs ſpaſm'd
Which Thought itſelf ſuſpend, by Thouſands more
Of Maladies that ſwell the Catalogue
Of bodily Evils broke, and (worſe than theſe)
Excruciated by num'rous mental Pains,
The Soul's Diſeaſes, He to Death uplifts
The aſking Eye, to Death the Refuge ſole
Of ſuch Diſtreſs, to Death denied his Hopes.
For Inſtinct with brute Voice forbids to ſeek,
Commands to dread, what Sooths and Charms alone.
O potent Cauſe that forced me to exiſt,
Thou haſt not given me Life but to ſuſtain

The Terrors of Inevitable Death;
Nor rooted deep the Appetite for Joy
More Senſibly to make me Woe endure:
Reaſon, thy Subſtitute, aſſures my Doubts
Thou muſt be Juſt, ſhould'ſt be Benevolent.
Chear then, my drooping melancholy Soul,
For ſome great End inſcrutable to you,
Some ſuperhuman Bliſs, you are deſign'd.
But if (what worſt can be) you're call'd to Being,
To ſkim o'er ſcarce-touch'd Pleaſures flow'ry Fields,
Strongly to Suffer, and in Horror Die:
To Native Earth return'd, on this Side Pain
You are at leaſt, ſecure of Reſt profound,
Tho' Air the ſuperſtitious Thunder rend,
And *central Earthquakes rock the Total Globe.*

Superſtitious Thunder.] *Coelo tonantem credidimus jovem regnare.*
HORAT. Od.

DEATH,

A Rhapſody.

Victuros Dei celant, ut vivere durent,
Felix eſſe mori. ——— LUCAN.

UNconquer'd King of Human Terrors, Death,
Thee dares the Philoſophic Muſe aſſail,
And ſhall Diſcomfit. Ye, who abject crouch
With ſhudd'ring Horror to his galling Yoke,
Mortals attend, and hail the ſoothing Lay.
As *Greece* to her inquiring Sons diſcloſed
Two Loves, diſſimilar in Pow'r and Birth;
One Heav'n-produced, Delight of Men and Gods;
Loathſome and filthy one, whom *Tartarus* own'd.
So does the Muſe in myſtic Song reveal,
The heav'nly Muſe, Two widely-different Deaths.
Firſt then of Fear and Superſtition view
With Eyes aghaſt the Progeny deform'd.

High

High on a ſable Throne bedropt with Tears
(Oſſifications raiſe th' unſightly Pile)
Inexorable ſits the Tyrant Pow'r,
And with Exiſtence bounds his boundleſs Sway.
The Atmoſphere with peſtilential Stench
His lurid Carcaſe taints. On either Side
His formidable Satellits are ranged,
Impatient to perform his Iron Will:
Violence blood-beſmear'd, and Famine wan;
Of all Diſeaſes the wide-waſting Band;
Devoting Earth, nor Heaven blaſpheming leſs,
Deſpair; and, mildeſt of the horrid Crew,
Old-age ſuſpends th' Inevitable Stroke.
Behind Hell's Furnace gaping brings to View
Its monſtrous Phantaſms; and malignant threats
Not well-proportioned, ever-during, Pains.

To this deteſted Monarch of the Globe
Inapprehenſive Brutes their Homage pay,
And *Vegetation's ſtable Animals.*
Scarcely has Nature with laborious Art
The Inſect hatch'd, or ſcented Flow'r unclos'd,
When lo they periſh. But on Man, alas,
Man by Anticipation oft his Prey,
On Man alone his Tyranny's complete.
Him the Ambitious dread, certain Defeat
Of warmeſt Hopes from deep-laid Schemes; and him
All Avarice's ſordid Votaries.
He the Patrician Cates and *liquid Gold*
Corrupts of the Voluptuous: And from him
Ecſtatic Lovers turn their Eyes in vain.

Inapprehenſive Brutes.] Man is the only Animal that has Apprehenſions of Death.

Stable Animals.] Locomotivity comes the neareſt to a Specification of Animality from Vegetation,

Patrician Cates.] *Non vulgo nota placebant*
Gaudia; non uſu plebeio trita voluptas. PETRON.

From plaſtic Nature ſprung the Other Death,
From Nature and juſt Order, Goddeſs fair,
But to the Wiſe, the Virtuous, and the Brave,
Unveils her tranquil Mein and decent Form;
While her Right-hand *Lethéan* Olive waves,
And with the Left ſhe points, or ſeems to point,
To diſtant Regions of exalted Bliſs.
O kind Ceſſation of diſtaſteful Life!
Buſy Vitality's Succeſſion ſweet!
(As ſober Night ſuccedes to tawdry Day.
Thou more than Halcyon Calm, all Storms o'er-paſt!
Sure Guide to ne'er-diſturb'd, long-laſting, Peace;
To Peace at leaſt, perhaps to Happineſs!
Nature's beſt Gift, by moſt ill underſtood!
A Conſummation ſo to be deſired,
That did not Inſtinct timely interpoſe

Inſtinct interpoſe.] The Inſtinctive Fear of Death in Men ſeems deſigned for a Counterbalance to the Suggeſtions of Reaſon to give up Life on every urgent Occaſion.

Animal Terrors vincible to few,
Our ſtone-built Hives to Deſarts would return;
And ev'ry Man, a new *Cleombrotus*,
Impell'd by Reaſon ſhou'd invade the Sea!
Thy Eſculapian Aid the *down-rack'd* Wretch
On fell Diſtempers Bed implores: Thy Aid,
Propitious Deity, the *Care-diſeas'd*
Demand more wretched with tranſcendent Claim.
Thee unrewarded Merit's graceful Pride
Longing awaits; and diſappointed Love
By fancied, as by real, Woes oppreſs'd.
Labor to Thee extends its callous Hands.
Burſting thro' Policy's *Draconian* Laws,
(Vain, ineffectual, Laws oppoſed to Thee)

Man-

Cleombrotus.] *Cleombrotus* drown'd himſelf in the Sea, to attain the Platonic Elyſium.

Draconian.] *Draco* was a ſevere Legiſlator of the *Athenians*, who preceded *Solon*.

Mankind, life-ſated and life-burthen'd, oft
Force, greatly daring, thy reluctant Charms.
Thy dread, inviolate, Aſylum ſeek
Oppreſſion's Slaves, with iron-branded Front
Unpity'd Infamy, Fear ſelf-ſubdued,
And ſallow Poverty in fluttering Rags.
For Thou, among Celeſtials Thou alone,
Canſt cloſe the Miſeries of *Fate-wretched* Man.
Come then, bright Shade, Superior to the Gods,
O'er Deſtiny Triumphant, come invoked;
And with *Morphéan*, outſpread, Wings inwrap
Thy Poet and his Cares. Enough of Life,
And Life's deluſive unſubſtantial Joys,
Has he endured; enough of ſolid Ill:
Has breath'd and ate, and loved, and thought enough,

And

Thou alone.] *Tot mundi caruiſſe malis præſtare deorum*
Excepta quis morte poteſt. —— LUCAN, lib. 5.

And pined beneath Anxiety and Pain.
And never may *Humanity's weak Tear*
Stream o'er the Day that ranks him with the Great,
The Wiſe, of Ages fled: Nor Sable blot
Who ſoon ſhall follow him the ſhort-lived Friend.
The Circulation of the Particles,
No longer his, let not obdurate Wood
Strive to obſtruct: And no *gold-wounded Stone*
On heedleſs Eyes obtrude the *ſplendid Lye*.
The total *Holocauſt* be, Goddeſs, Thine.
Nor Thou diſpleas'd accept what ne'er before
Was ſacrificed perhaps with willing Hands,
Poſthumous Vanity by Men call'd Fame.

Circulation.] There is a conſtant Circulation of the component Parts of Animals and Vegetables; and Nature, by the means of Death, diſſolves worn-out or vitiated Syſtems, in order to compoſe freſh ones. Animals are ſuſtained by Vegetation; and Animals, volatiliſed by Putrefaction, in their Turn ſuſtain Vegtables.

Holocauſt.] The *Holocauſt* was that Sacrifice in which the Entire Victim was burnt in Honour of the Deity.

FINIS.